SALMACIS
AND
HERMAPHRODITVS.

Salmacida ſpolia ſine ſanguine & ſudore.

R. B.



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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

To the true patroneſſe of all Poetrie, CALIOPE.

IT is a ſtatute in deepe wiſdomes lore,
That for his lines none ſhould a patrõ chuſe
By wealth or pouerty, by leſſe or more,
But who the ſame is able to peruſe;
Nor ought a man his labours dedicate,
Without a true and ſenſible deſert,
To any power of ſuch a mighty ſtate,
And ſuch a wiſe Defendreſſe as thou art.
Thou great and powerfull Muſe, then pardon mee,
That I preſume thy Mayden-cheeke to ſtayne,
In dedicating ſuch a worke to thee,
Sprung from the iſſue of an idle brayne.
I vſe thee as a woman ought to bee:
I conſecrate my idle howres to thee.

In laudem Authoris.

LIke to the weake estate of a poore friend,
To whom sweet fortune hath bene euer slow,
Vnto which dayly doth that happy howre attend,
When his poore state may his affection shew:
So fares my loue, not able as the rest,
To chaunt thy prayses in a lofty vayne,
Yet my poore Muse doth vow to doe her best,
And wanting wings, shee'le tread an humble straine.
I thought at first her homely steps to rayse,
And for some blazing Epithites to looke,
But then I fear'd, that by such wondrous prayse,
Some men would grow suspicious of thy booke:
For hee that doth thy due deserts rehearse,
Deprives that glory from thy worthy verse.

W. B.

To the Authour.

EYther the goddesse drawes her troupe of loues
From Paphos, where she erst was held diuine,
And doth vnyoke her tender-necked Doues,
Placing her seat in this small papry shrine;
Or the sweet Graces through th'Idalian groue,
Led the blest Author in their daunced rings;
Or wanton Nymphs in watry bowres haue woue,
With fine Mylesian threds, the verse he sings;
Or curious *Pallas* once againe doth striue,
With prowd *Arachne* for illustrious glory,
And once againe doth loues of gods reuiue,
Spinning in silken twists a lasting story:
If none of these, then *Venus* chose his sight,
To leade the steps of her blind sonne aright.

I. B.

To the Author.

THe matchlesse Lustre of faire poesie,
Which erst was bury'd in old Romes decayes,
Now 'gins with height of rising maiesty,
Her dust-wrapt head from rotten tombes to rayse,
And with fresh splendor gilds her topplesse crest,
Rearing her palace in our Poets brest.

The wanton Ouid, whose inticing rimes
Haue with attractiue wonder forc't attention,
No more shall be admir'd at: for these times
Produce a Poet, whose more mouing passion
Will teare the loue-sick mirtle from his browes,
T'adorne his Temple with deserued bowes.

The strongest Marble feares the smallest rayne:
The rusting Canker eates the purest gold:
Honours best dye dreads enuies blackest stayne:
The crimson badge of beautie must waxe old.
But this faire issue of thy fruitfull brayne,
Nor dreads age, enuie, cankring rust, or rayne.

A. F.

The

The Author to the Reader.

I Sing the fortunes of a luckleſſe payre,
Whoſe ſportleſſe ſoules now in one body be:
For beauty ſtill is *Prodromus* to care,
Croſt by the ſad ſtarres of natiuitie;
And of the ſtrange inchauntment of a well
Gi'n by the gods my ſportiue Muſe doth write,
Which ſweet-lipt *Ouid* long agoe did tell,
Wherein who bathes, ſtrait turnes *Hermaphrodite*.
I hope my Poeme is ſo liuely writ,
That thou wilt turne halfe-mayd with reading it.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

MY wanton lines doe treate of amorous loue,
Such as would bow the hearts of gods aboue:
Then *Venus*, thou great Citherean Queene,
That hourely tripst on the Idalian greene,
Thou laughing *Erycina*, daygne to see
The verses wholly consecrate to thee;
Temper them so within thy Paphian shrine,
That euery Louers eye may melt a line;
Commaund the god of Loue that little King,
To giue each verse a sleight touch with his wing,
That as I write, one line may draw the tother,
And euery word skip nimbly o're another.
There was a louely boy the Nymphs had kept,
That on the Idane mountaines oft had slept,
Begot and borne by powers that dwelt aboue,
By learned *Mercury* of the Queene of loue:
A face he had that shew'd his parents fame,
And from them both conioynd, he drew his name:
So wondrous fayre he was, that (as they say)
Diana being hunting on a day,
Shee saw the boy vpon a greene banke lay him,
And there the virgin-huntresse meant to slay him,
Because no Nymphes did now pursue the chase:
For all were strooke blind with the wantons face.

But when that beauteous face *Diana* ſaw,
Her armes were nummed,& ſhee could not draw;
Yet did ſhe ſtriue to ſhoot,but all in vaine,
Shee bent her bow,and looſ'd it ſtreight againe.
Then ſhe began to chide her wanton eye,
And fayne would ſhoot, but durſt not ſee him die.
She turnd and ſhot,and did of purpoſe miſſe him,
Shee turnd againe,and did of purpoſe kiſſe him.
Then the boy fan: for(ſome ſay)had he ſtayd,
Diana had no longer bene a mayd.
Phœbus ſo doted on this roſiat face,
That he hath oft ſtole cloſely from his place,
When he did lie by fayre *Leucothoes* ſide,
To dally with him in the vales of Ide:
And euer ſince this louely boy did die,
Phœbus each day about the world doth flie,
And on the earth he ſeekes him all the day,
And euery night he ſeekes him in the ſea:
His cheeke was ſanguine,and his lip as red
As are the bluſhing leaues of the Roſe ſpred:
And I haue heard,that till this boy was borne,
Roſes grew white vpon the virgin thorne,
Till one day walking to a pleaſant ſpring,
To heare how cunningly the birds could ſing,
Laying him downe vpon a flowry bed,
The Roſes bluſh'd and turnd themſelues to red.
The Roſe that bluſh'd not,for his great offence,
The gods did puniſh,and for impudence
They gaue this doome that was agreed by all,
The ſmell of the white Roſe ſhould be but ſmall.

His

His haire was bushie, but it was not long,
The Nymphs had done his tresses mighty wrong:
For as it grew, they puld away his haire,
And made abilliments of gold to weare.
His eyes were *Cupids*: for vntill his birth,
Cupid had eyes, and liu'd vpon the earth,
Till on a day, when the great Queene of loue
was by her white doues drawn frō heauen aboue,
Vnto the top of the Idalian hill,
To see how well the Nymphs their charge fulfill,
And whether they had done the goddesse right,
In nursing of her sweet *Hermaphrodite*:
VVhom when she saw, although complete & full,
Yet she complaynd, his eyes were somewhat dull:
And therefore, more the wanton boy to grace,
She puld the sparkling eyes from *Cupids* face,
Fayning a cause to take away his sight,
Because the Ape would sometimes shoot for spight:
But *Venus* set those eyes in such a place,
As grac't those cleare eyes with a clearer face.
For his white hand each goddesse did him woo:
For it was whiter then the driuen snow:
His legge was straighter then the thigh of *Iouet*:
And he farre fairer then the god of loue.
When first this wel-shapt boy, beauties chiefe king,
Had seene the labour of the fifteenth spring,
How curiously it paynted all the earth,
He 'gan to trauaile from his place of birth,
Leauing the stately hils where he was nurst,
And where the Nymphs had brought him vp at first:

He lou'd to trauaile to the coasts vnknowne,
To see the regions farre beyond his owne,
Seeking cleare watry springs to bathe him in:
(For he did loue to wash his iuory skinne)
The louely Nymphes haue oft times seene him swimme,
And closely stole his clothes from off the brim,
Because the wanton wenches would so fayne
See him come nak'd to aske his clothes againe.
He lou'd besides to see the Lycian grounds,
And know the wealthy Carians vtmost bounds.
Vsing to trauaile thus, one day he found
A cristall brooke, that tril'd along the ground,
A brooke, that in reflection did surpasse
The cleare reflection of the cleerest glasse.
About the side there grew no foggy reedes,
Nor was the fount compast with barren weedes:
But liuing turfe grew all along the side,
And grasse that euer flourisht in his pride.
Within this brook a beauteous Nymph did dwell,
Who for her comely feature did excell;
So faire she was, of such a pleasing grace,
So straight a body, and so sweet a face,
So soft a belly, such a lustie thigh,
So large a forehead, such a cristall eye,
So soft and moyst a hand, so smooth a brest,
So faire a cheeke, so well in all the rest,
That *Iupiter* would reuell in her bowre,
Were he to spend againe his golden showre:
Her teeth were whiter then the mornings milke,
Her lip was softer then the softest silke,

Her

Her haire as farre ſurpaſt the burniſht gold,
As ſiluer doth excell the baſeſt mold:
Ioue courted her for her tranſlucent eye,
And told her, he would place her in the skye,
Promiſing her, if ſhe would be his loue,
He would ingraue her in the heauen aboue,
Telling this louely Nymph, that if he would,
He could deceiue her in a ſhowre of gold,
Or like a Swanne come to her naked bed,
And ſo deceiue her of her maiden-head:
But yet, becauſe he thought that pleaſure beſt,
Where each conſenting ioynes each louing breſt,
He would put off that all-commaunding crowne,
Whoſe terrour ſtrooke th'aſpiring Giants downe,
That glittering crown, whoſe radiãt ſight did toſſe
Great *Pelion* from the top of mighty Oſſe,
He would depoſe from his world-ſwaying head,
To taſte the amorous pleaſures of her bed:
This added he beſides, the more to grace her,
Like a bright ſtarre he would in heauens vault place her.
By this the proud laſciuious Nymph was mou'd,
Perceiuing by great *Ioue* ſhee was belou'd,
And hoping as a ſtarre ſhe ſhould ere long
Be ſterne or gracious to the Sea-mans ſong,
(For mortals ſtill are ſubiect to their eye,
And what it ſees, they ſtriue to get as hie:)
Shee was contented that almighty *Ioue*
Should haue the firſt and beſt fruits of her loue:
(For women may be likened to the yeere,
Whoſe firſt fruites ſtill do make the dayntieſt cheere)

But yet *Astraas* first should plight her troth,
For the performance of *Ioues* sacred oth.
(Iust times decline, and all good dayes are dead,
When heauenly othes had need be warranted)
This heard great *Iupiter* and lik'd it well,
And hastily he seekes *Astraas* cell,
About the massie earth searching her towre:
But she had long since left this earthly bowre,
And flew to heauen aboue, lothing to see
The sinfull actions of humanitie.
Which when *Ioue* did perceiue, he left the earth,
And flew vp to the place of his owne birth,
The burning heauenly throne, where he did spy
Astraas palace in the glittering skie.
This stately towre was builded vp on hie,
Farre from the reach of any mortall eye;
And from the palace side there did distill
A little water, through a little quill,
The dewe of iustice, which did seldome fall,
And when it dropt, the drops were very small.
Glad was great *Ioue* when he beheld her towre,
Meaning a while to rest him in her bowre;
And therefore sought to enter at her dore:
But there was such a busie rout before;
Some seruing men, and some promooters bee,
That he could passe no foote without a fee:
But as he goes, he reaches out his hands,
And payes each one in order as he stands;
And still, as he was paying those before,
Some slipt againe betwixt him and the dore.

At

At length (with much adoo) he past them all,
And entred straight into a spacious hall,
Full of darke angles and of hidden wayes,
Crooked Mæanders, infinite delayes;
All which delayes and entries he must passe,
Ere he could come where iust *Astræa* was.
All these being past by his immortall wit,
Without her doore he saw a porter sit,
An aged man, that long time there had beene,
Who vs'd to search all those that entred in,
And still to euery one he gaue this curse,
None must see Iustice but with emptie purse.
This man searcht *Ioue* for his owne priuate gaine,
To haue the money which did yet remaine,
Which was but small: for much was spent before
On the tumultuous rout that kept the dore.
When he had done, he brought him to the place
Where he should see diuine *Astraas* face.
Then the great King of gods and men in went,
And saw his daughter *Venus* there lament,
And crying lowd for iustice, whom *Ioue* found
Kneeling before *Astræa* on the ground,
And still she cry'd and beg'd for a iust doome
Against blacke *Vulcan*, that vnseemely groome,
Whome she had chosen for her onely loue,
Though she was daughter to great thundring *Ioue*:
And though the faireſt goddesse, yet content
To marrie him, though weake and impotent;
But for all this they alwayes were at strife:
For euermore he rayld at her his wife,

Telling her ſtill, Thou art no wife of mine,
Anothers ſtrumpet, *Mars* his concubine.
By this *Aſtrea* ſpyde almighty *Ioue*,
And bow'd her finger to the Queene of loue,
To ceaſe her ſute, which ſhe would heare anon,
When the great King of all the world was gone.
Then ſhe deſcended from her ſtately throne,
Which ſeat was builded all of Iaſper ſtone,
And o're the ſeat was paynted all aboue,
The wanton vnſeene ſtealths of amorous *Ioue*;
There might a man behold the naked pride
Of louely *Venus* in the vale of Ide,
When *Pallas*, and *Ioues* beauteous wife and ſhe
Stroue for the priſe of beauties raritie:
And there lame *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* ſtroue
To make the thunderbolts for mighty *Ioue*:
From this ſame ſtately throne ſhe down deſcēded,
And ſayd, The griefs of *Ioue* ſhould be amended,
Aſking the King of gods what luckleſſe cauſe,
What great contēpt of ſtate, what breach of lawes
(For ſure ſhe thought, ſome vncouth cauſe befell,
That made him viſit poore *Aſtreas* cell)
Troubled his thought: and if ſhe might decide it,
VVho vext great *Ioue*, he dearely ſhould abide it.
Ioue onely thnkt her, and beganne to ſhow
His cauſe of comming (for each one doth know
The longing words of Louers are not many,
If they deſire to be inioyd of any)
Telling *Aſtrea*, It might now befall,
That ſhe might make him bleſt, that bleſſeth all:

For

For as he walk'd vpon the flowry earth,
To which his owne hands whilome gaue a birth,
To see how streight he held it and how iust
He rold this massy pondrous heape of dust,
He laid him downe by a coole riuer side,
Whose pleasant water did so gently slide
With such soft whispring: for the brook was deepe,
That it had lul'd him in a heauenly sleepe.
When first he laid him downe, there was none neere him:
(For he did call before, but none could heare him)
But a faire Nymph was bathing when he wak'd,
(Here sigh'd great *Ioue*, and after brought forth) nak'd,
He seeing lou'd, the Nymph yet here did rest,
Where iust *Astrea* might make *Ioue* be blest,
If she would passe her faithfull word so farre,
As that great *Ioue* should make the mayd a starre.
Astrea yeelded: at which *Ioue* was pleas'd,
And all his longing hopes and feares were eas'd.
Ioue tooke his leaue, and parted from her sight,
Whose thoughts were ful of louers sweet delight,
And she ascended to her throne aboue,
To heare the griefes of the great Queene of loue:
But she was satisfide, and would no more
Rayle at her husband as she did before:
But forth she trips apace, because she stroue,
With her swift feet to ouertake great *Ioue*,
She skipt so nimbly as she went to looke him,
That at the palace doore she ouertooke him,
Which way was plaine and broad as they went out,
And now they could see no tumultuous rout.

Here *Venus* fearing, leſt the loue of *Ione*
Should make this mayd be plac'd in heauen aboue,
Becauſe ſhe thought this Nymph ſo wondrous bright,
That ſhe would daſel her accuſtom'd light:
And fearing now ſhe ſhould not firſt be ſeene
Of all the glittring ſtarres as ſhee had beene,
But that the wanton Nymph would euery night
Be firſt that ſhould ſalute eche mortall ſight,
Began to tell great *Ione*, ſhe grieu'd to ſee
The heauen ſo full of his iniquity,
Complayning that eche ſtrumpet now was grac'd,
And with immortall goddeſſes was plac'd,
Intreating him to place in heauen no more
Eche wanton ſtrumpet and laſciuious whore.
Ione mad with Loue, harkned not what ſhe ſayd,
His thoughts were ſo intangled with the mayd,
But furiouſly he to his Palace lept,
Being minded there till morning to haue ſlept:
For the next morne, as ſoone as *Phœbus* rayes
Should yet ſhine coole, by reaſon of the ſeas,
And ere the parting teares of *Thetis* bed,
Should be quite ſhak'n from off his glittring head,
Aſtræa promis'd to attend great *Ione*,
At his owne Palace in the heauen aboue,
And at that Palace ſhe would ſet her hand
To what the loue-ſick god ſhould her command:
But to deſcend to earth ſhe did deny,
She loath'd the ſight of any mortall eye,
And for the compaſſe of the earthly round,
She would not ſet one foot vpon the ground.

Therefore *Ioue* meant to riſe but with the ſunne,
Yet thought it long vntill the night was done:
In the meane ſpace *Venus* was drawne along
By her white Doues vnto the ſweating throng
Of hammering Black-ſmithes, at the lofty hill
Of ſtately *Etna*, whoſe top burneth ſtill:
(For at that burning mountaynes glittring top,
Her cripple husband *Vulcan* kept his shop)
To him she went, and ſo collogues that night
With the beſt ſtraines of pleaſures ſweet delight,
That ere they parted, she made *Vulcan* ſweare
By dreadfull *Styx*, an othe the gods do feare,
If *Ioue* would make the mortall mayd a ſtarre,
Himſelfe ſhould frame his inſtruments of warre,
And tooke his othe by blacke *Cocitus* Lake,
He neuer more a thunder-bolt would make:
For *Venus* ſo this night his ſences pleaſ'd,
That now he thought his former griefs were eaſ'd.
She with her hands the black-ſmiths body bound,
And with her Iu'ry armes ſhe twyn'd him round,
And ſtill the faire Queene with a prety grace,
Diſperſt her ſweet breath o're his ſwarty face:
Her ſnowy armes ſo well she did diſplay,
That *Vulcan* thought they melted as they lay.
Vntill the morne in this delight they lay:
Then vp they got, and haſted faſt away
In the white Chariot of the Queene of loue,
Towards the Palace of great thundring *Ioue*,
Where they did ſee diuine *Aſtraa* ſtand,
To paſſe her word for what *Ioue* ſhould command.

In limpt the Blacke-smith, after slept his Queene,
Whose light array ment was of louely greene.
When they were in, *Vulcan* began to sweare
By othes that *Iupiter* himselfe doth feare,
If any whore in heauens bright vault were seene,
To dimme the shining of his beauteous Queene,
Each mortall man should the great gods disgrace,
And mocke almightie *Ioue* vnto his face,
And Giants should enforce bright heauen to fall,
Ere he would frame one thunderbolt at all.
Ioue did intreat him that he would forbeare.
The more he spoke, the more did *Vulcan* sweare.
Ioue heard his words, and 'gan to make his mone,
That mortall men would plucke him from his throne,
Or else he must incurre this plague, he said,
Quite to forgoe the pleasure of the mayd:
And once he thought, rather then lose her blisses,
Her heauenly sweets, her most delicious kisses,
Her soft embraces, and the amorous nights,
That he should often spend in her delights,
He would be quite thrown down by mortal hands,
From the blest place where his bright palace stands.
But afterwards hee saw with better sight,
He should be scorn'd by euery mortall wight,
If he should want his thunderbolts, to beate
Aspiring mortals from his glittering seate:
Therefore the god no more did woo or proue her,
But left to seeke her loue, though not to loue her.
Yet he forgot not that he woo'd the lasse,
But made her twise as beauteous as she was,

Because

Because his wonted loue he needs would shew.
This haue I heard, but yet I scarce thought it true,
And whether her cleare beautie was so bright,
That it could dazel the immortall sight
Of gods, and make them for her loue despaire,
I do not know; but sure the maid was faire:
Yet the faire Nymph was neuer seene resort
Vnto the sauage and the bloudy sport
Of chaste *Diana*, nor was euer wont
To bend a bow, nor euer did she hunt,
Nor did she euer striue with prettie cunning,
To ouergoe her fellow Nymphs in running:
For she was the faire water-Nymph alone,
That vnto chaste *Diana* was vnknowne.
It is reported, that her fellowes vs'd
To bid her (though the beauteous Nymph refus'd)
To take, or painted quiuers or a dart,
And put her lazy idlenesse apart.
Nor tooke she painted quiuers, nor a dart,
Nor put her lazy idlenesse apart,
But in her cristall fountaine oft she swimmes,
And oft she washes o're her snowy limmes:
Sometimes she comb'd her soft discheuel'd hayre,
Which with a fillet tide she oft did weare:
But sometimes loose she did it hang behind,
When she was pleas'd to grace the Easterne wind:
For vp and downe it would her tresses hurle,
And as she went, it made her loose hayre curle:
Oft in the water did she looke her face,
And oft she vs'd to practise what quaint grace

Might well become her, and what comely feature
Might be best fitting so diuine a creature.
Her skinne was with a thinne vaile ouerthrowne,
Through which her naked beauty clearely shone.
She vs'd in this light rayment as she was,
To spread her body on the dewy grasse:
Sometimes by her owne fountaine as she walkes,
She nips the flowres from off the fertile stalkes,
And with a garland of the sweating vine,
Sometimes she doth her beauteous front in-twine:
But she was gathring flowres with her white hand,
When she beheld *Hermaphroditus* stand
By her cleare fountaine, wondring at the sight,
That there was any brooke could be so bright:
For this was the bright riuer where the boy
Did dye himselfe, that he could not enioy
Himselfe in pleasure, nor could taste the blisses
Of his owne melting and delicious kisses.
Here did she see him, and by *Venus* law,
She did desire to haue him as she saw:
But the fayre Nymph had neuer seene the place,
Where the boy was, nor his inchanting face,
But by an vncouth accident of loue
Betwixt great *Phoebus* and the sonne of *Ioue*,
Light-headed *Bacchus*: for vpon a day,
As the boy-god was keeping on his way
Bearing his Vine leaues and his Iuie bands,
To *Naxos*, where his house and temple stands,
He saw the Nymph, and seeing, he did stay,
And threw his leaues and Iuie bands away,

Thin-

Thinking at first she was of heauenly birth,
Some goddesse that did liue vpon the earth,
Virgin *Diana* that so liuely shone,
When she did court her sweet *Endimion*:
But he a god, at last did plainely see,
She had no marke of immortaliue,
Vnto the Nymph went the yong god of wine,
Whose head was chaf'd so with the bleeding vine,
That now, or feare or terrour had he none,
But 'gan to court her as she sate alone:
Fayrer then fayrest (thus began his speech)
Would but your radiant eye please to inrich
My eye with looking, or one glaunce to giue,
Whereby my other parts might feede and liue,
Or with one sight my sences to inspire,
Far liueller then the stole *Promethean* fire;
Then might I liue, then by the sunny light
That should proceed from thy thrise-radiant sight,
I might suruiue to ages, but that missing,
(At that same word he would haue faine bin kissing)
I pine, fayre Nymph: O neuer let me dye
For one poore glaunce from thy transluscent eye,
Farre more transparent then the cleerest brooke.
The Nymph was taken with his golden hooke:
Yet she turn'd backe, and would haue tript away:
But *Bacchus* forc't the louely mayd to stay,
Asking her why she struggled to be gone,
Why such a Nymph should wish to be alone:
Heauen neuer made her faire, that she should vaunt
She kept all beautie, it would neuer graunt

She should be borne so beauteous from her mother,
But to reflect her beauty on another.
Then with a sweet kisse cast thy beames on mee,
And Ile reflect them backe againe on thee.
At Naxos stands my Temple and my Shrine,
Where I do presse the lusty swelling Vine,
There with greene Iuie shall thy head be bound,
And with the red Grape be incircled round;
There shall *Silenus* sing vnto thy praise,
His drunken reeling songs and tickling layes.
Come hither, gentle Nymph. Here blusht the maid,
And faine she would have gone, but yet she staid.
Bacchus perceiu'd he had o'recome the lasse,
And downe he throwes her in the dewy grasse,
And kist the helplesse Nymph vpon the ground,
And would haue stray'd beyond that lawful bound.
This saw bright *Phabus* for his glittering eye
Sees all that lies below the starry skye,
And for an old affection that he bore
Vnto this louely Nymph long time before,
(For he would ofttimes in his circle stand,
To sport himselfe vpon her snowy hand)
He kept her from the sweets of *Bacchus* bed,
And 'gainst her will he sau'd her maiden-head.
Bacchus perceiuing this, apace did hie
Vnto the Palace of swift *Mercury*:
But he did find him farre below his birth,
Drinking with theeues and catch-poles on the earth;
And they were drinking what they stole to day,
In consultation for to morrowes prey.

To him went youthfull *Bacchus*, and begun
To ſhew his cauſe of griefe againſt the Sunne,
How he bereft him of his heauenly bliſſes,
His ſweet delights, his Nectar-flowing kiſſes,
And other ſweeter ſweetes that he had wonne,
But for the malice of the bright-fac't Sunne,
Intreating *Mercury* by all the loue,
That had bene borne amongſt the ſonnes of *Ioue*,
Of which they two were part, to ſtand his friend,
Againſt the god that did him ſo offend:
The quaint-tongu'd iſſue of great *Atlas* race,
Swift *Mercury*, that with delightfull grace,
And pleaſing accents of his fayned tongue,
Hath oft reform'd a rude vnciuill throng
Of mortals; that great meſsenger of *Ioue*,
And all the meaner gods that dwell aboue:
He whoſe acute wit was ſo quicke and ſharpe
In the inuention of the crooked Harpe:
He that's ſo cunning with his ieſting ſlights,
To ſteale from heauenly gods or earthly wights,
Bearing a great hate in his grieued breſt,
Againſt that great commaunder of the Weſt,
Bright-fac't *Apollo*: for vpon a day,
Yong *Mercury* did ſteale his beaſts away:
Which the great god perceiuing, ſtreight did ſhew
The pearcing arrowes and the fearefull bow
That kild great *Pithon*, & with that did threat him,
To bring his beaſts againe, or he would beat him.
Which *Mercury* perceiuing, vneſpide,
Did cloſely ſteale his arrowes from his ſide.

For this old grudge, he was the easlyer wonne
To helpe young *Bacchus* 'gainſt the fierie Sunne.
And now the Sunne was in the middle way,
And had o'recome the one halfe of the day,
Scorching ſo hot vpon the reeking ſand,
That lies vpon the neere *Egyptian* land,
That the hot people burnt e'ne from their birth,
Do creepe againe into their mother earth,
When *Mercury* did take his powerfull wand,
His charming *Caduſaus* in his hand,
And a thicke Beuer which he vſ'd to weare,
When ought from *Ioue* he to the Sunne did beare,
That did protect him from the piercing light,
Which did proceed from *Phoebus* glittring ſight.
Clad in theſe powerfull ornaments he flies,
With out-ſtretcht wings vp to the azure skies:
Where ſeeing *Phoebus* in his orient ſhrine,
He did ſo well reuenge the god of wine,
That whil'ſt the Sun wonders his Chariot reeles,
The craftie god had ſtole away his wheeles.
Which when he did perceiue, he downe did ſlide,
(Laying his glittring Coronet aſide)
From the bright ſpangled firmament aboue,
To ſeeke the Nymph that *Bacchus* ſo did loue,
And found her looking in her watry glaſſe,
To ſee how cleare her radiant beauty was:
And, for he had but little time to ſtay,
Becauſe he meant to finiſh out his day,
At the firſt ſight he 'gan to make his mone,
Telling her how his fiery wheeles were gone;

Promi-

Promiſing her, if ſhe would but obtaine
The wheeles, that *Mercury* had ſtolne, againe,
That he might end his day, ſhe ſhould enioy
The heauenly ſight of the moſt beauteous boy
That euer was. The Nymph was pleaſ'd with this,
Hoping to reape ſome vnaccuſtom'd bliſſe
By the ſweet pleaſure that ſhe ſhould enioy,
In the bleſt ſight of ſuch a melting boy.
Therefore at his requeſt ſhe did obtaine
The burning wheeles, that he had loſt, againe:
VVhich when he had receiu'd, he left the land,
And brought them thither where his Coach did ſtand,
And there he ſet them on: for all this ſpace,
The horſes had not ſtirr'd from out their place.
VVhich when he ſaw, he wept and 'gan to ſay,
VVould *Mercury* had ſtole my wheeles away,
When *Phaeton* my hare-brain'd iſſue tride,
What a laborious thing it vvas to guide
My burning chariot, thē he might haue pleaſ'd me,
And of one fathers griefe he might haue eaſ'd me:
For then the Steeds would haue obayd his will,
Or elſe at leaſt they would haue reſted ſtill.
When he had done, he tooke his whip of ſteele,
Whoſe bitter ſmart he made his horſes feele:
For he did laſh ſo hard, to end the day,
That he was quickly at the Weſterne ſea,
And there with *Thetis* did he reſt a ſpace:
For he did neuer reſt in any place
Before that time; but euer ſince his wheeles
Were ſtole away, his burning chariot reeles

Tow'rds the declining of the parting day:
Therefore he lights and mends them in the sea,
And though the Poets fayne, that *Ioue* did make
A treble night for faire *Alcmena's* sake,
That he might sleepe securely with his loue;
Yet sure the long night was vnknowne to *Ioue*:
But the Sunnes wheeles one day disordred more,
Were thrise as long amending as before.
Now was the Sunne inuiron'd with the Sea,
Cooling his watrie tresses as he lay,
And in dread *Neptunes* kingdome while he sleeps,
Faire *Thetis* clips him in the watry deeps,
The *Mayre-maids* and the *Tritons* of the West,
Strayning their voyces, to make *Titan* rest.
And while the blacke night with her pitchie hand,
Tooke iust possession of the swarfie land:
He spent the darkesome howres in this delight,
Giuing his power vp to the gladsome night:
For ne're before he was so truely blest,
To take an houre or one poore minutes rest.
But now the burning god this pleasure feeles,
By reason of his newly crazed wheeles,
There must he stay vntill lame *Vulcan* send
The fierie wheeles which he had tooke to mend.
Now al the night the Smith so hard had wrought,
That ere the Sunne could wake, his wheeles were brought.
Titan being pleas'd with rest, and not to rise,
And loth to open yet his slumbring eyes:
And yet perceiuing how the longing sight
Of mortals wayted for his glittring light,

He

He ſent *Aurora* from him to the skie,
To giue a glimſing to each mortall eye.
Aurora much aſham'd of that ſame place
That great *Apollos* light was wont to grace,
Finding no place to hide her ſhamefull head,
Paynted her chaſte cheeks with a bluſhing red,
Which euer ſince remain'd vpon her face,
In token of her new receiu'd diſgrace:
Therefore ſhe not ſo white as ſhe had beene,
Lothing of eu'ry mortall to be ſeene,
No ſooner can the roſie fingred morne
Kiſſe eu'ry flowre that by her dew is borne,
But from her golden window ſhe doth peepe,
When the moſt part of earthly creatures ſleepe.
By this, bright *Titan* opened had his eyes,
And 'gan to ierke his horſes through the skies,
And taking in his hand his fierie whip,
He made *AEous* and ſwift *AEthon* skip
So faſt, that ſtraight he dazled had the ſight
Of faire *Aurora*, glad to ſee his light.
And now the Sunne in all his fierie haſte,
Did call to mind his promiſe lately paſt,
And all the vowes and othes that he did paſſe
Vnto faire *Salmacis*, the beauteous laſſe:
For he had promiſ'd her ſhe ſhould enioy
So louely faire, and ſuch a well ſhap't boy,
As ne're before his owne all-ſeeing eye
Saw from his bright ſeate in the ſtarry skye:
Remembring this, he ſent the boy that way,
Where the cleare fountain of the fayre Nymph lay.

There was he comne to ſeeke ſome pleaſing brooke.
No ſooner came he, but the Nymph was ſtrooke:
And though ſhe haſted to imbrace the boy,
Yet did the Nymph awhile deferre her ioy,
Till ſhe had bound vp her looſe flagging haire,
And ordred well the garments ſhe did weare,
Fayning her count'nance with a louers care,
And did deſerue to be accounted fayre.
And thus much ſpake ſhe while the boy abode:
O boy, moſt worthy to be thought a god,
Thou mayſt inhabit in the glorious place
Of gods, or maiſt proceed from humane race:
Thou mayſt be *Cupid*, or the god of wine,
That lately woo'd me with the ſwelling vine:
But whoſoe're thou art, O happy he,
That was ſo bleſt, to be a ſire to thee;
Thy happy mother is moſt bleſt of many,
Bleſſed thy ſiſters, if her wombe bare any,
Both fortunate, and O thriſe happy ſhee,
Whoſe too much bleſſed breſts gaue ſuck to thee:
If any wife with thy ſweet bed be bleſt,
O, she is farre more happy then the reſt;
If thou haſt any, let my ſport be ſto'ne,
Or elſe let me be she, if thou haſt none.
Here did she pauſe awhile, and then she ſayd,
Be not obdurate to a ſilly mayd.
A flinty heart within a ſnowy breſt,
Is like baſe mold lockt in a golden cheſt:
They ſay the eye's the Index of the heart,
And ſhewes th'affection of eche inward part:

There

There loue playes liuely, there the little god
Hath a cleare criſtall Palace of abode.
O barre him not from playing in thy heart,
That ſports himſelfe vpon eche outward part.
Thus much ſhe ſpake, & then her tongue was huſht.
At her looſe ſpeach *Hermaphroditus* bluſht:
He knew not what loue was, yet loue did ſhame him,
Making him bluſh, and yet his bluſh became him:
Then might a man his ſhamefaſt colour ſee,
Like the ripe apple on the ſunny tree,
Or Iuory dide o're with a pleaſing red,
Or like the pale Moone being ſhadowed.
By this, the Nymph recouer'd had her tongue,
That to her thinking lay in ſilence long,
And ſayd, Thy cheeke is milde, O be thou ſo,
Thy cheeke, ſaith I, then do not anſwere no,
Thy cheeke doth ſhame, then doe thou ſhame, ſhe ſayd,
It is a mans ſhame to deny a mayd.
Thou look'ſt to ſport with *Venus* in her towre,
And be belou'd of euery heauenly powre.
Men are but mortals, ſo are women too,
Why ſhould your thoughts aſpire more then ours doo?
For ſure they doe aſpire: Elſe could a youth,
Whoſe count'nance is ſo full of ſpotleſſe truth,
Be ſo relentleſſe to a virgins tongue?
Let me be woo'd by thee but halfe ſo long,
With halfe thoſe tearmes doe but my loue require,
And I will eaſly graunt thee thy deſire.
Ages are bad, when men become ſo ſlow,
That poore vnſkilfull mayds are forc't to woo.

Her radiant beauty and her ſubtill arte
So deepely ſtrooke *Hermaphroditus* heart,
That ſhe had wonne his loue, but that the light
Of her tranſlucent eyes did ſhine too bright:
For long he look'd vpon the louely mayd,
And at the laſt *Hermaphroditus* ſayd,
How ſhould I loue thee, when I doe eſpie
A farre more beauteous Nymph hid in thy eye?
When thou dooſt loue, let not that Nymph be nie thee;
Nor when thou woo'ſt, let that ſame Nymph be by thee:
Or quite obſcure her from thy louers face,
Or hide her beauty in a darker place.
By this, the Nymph perceiu'd he did eſpie
None but himſelfe reflected in her eye,
And, for himſelfe no more ſhe meant to ſhew him,
She ſhut her eyes & blind-fold thus did woo him:
Fayre boy, thinke not thy beauty can diſpence
With any payne due to a bad offence;
Remember how the gods puniſht that boy
That ſcorn'd to let a beauteous Nymph enioy
Her long wiſht pleaſure; for the peeuiſh elfe,
Lou'd of all others, needs would loue himſelfe.
So mayſt thou loue, perhaps thou mayſt be bleſt,
By graunting to a luckleſſe Nymphs requeſt:
Then reſt awhile with me amid theſe weeds.
The Sunne that ſees all, ſees not louers deeds;
Phoebus is blind when loue-ſports are begun,
And neuer ſees vntill their ſports be done:
Beleeue me, boy, thy blood is very ſtayd,
That art ſo loth to kiſſe a youthfull mayd.

Wert

Wert thou a mayd, and I a man, Ile show thee,
With what a manly boldneſſe I could woo thee:
Fayrer then loues Queene, thus I would begin,
Might not my ouer-boldneſſe be a ſinne,
I would intreat this fauour, if I could,
Thy roſiat checke a little to behold:
Then would I beg a touch, and then a kiſſe,
And then a lower; yet a higher bliſſe:
Then would I aske what *Ioue* and *Leda* did,
When like a Swan the craftie god was hid:
What came he for: why did he there abide:
Surely I thinke hee did not come to chide:
He came to ſee her face, to talke, and chat,
To touch, to kiſſe: came he for nought but that:
Yes, ſomething elſe: what was it he would haue:
That which all men of maydens ought to craue.
This ſayd, her eye-lids wide ſhe did diſplay:
But in this ſpace the boy was runne away:
The wanton ſpeeches of the louely laſſe
Forc't him for ſhame to hide him in the graſſe.
When ſhe perceiu'd ſhe could not ſee him neere her,
When ſhe had cal'd, and yet he could not heare her,
Looke how when *Autumne* comes, a little ſpace
Paleth the red bluſh of the Summers face,
Tearing the leaues the Summers couering,
Three months in weauing by the curious ſpring,
Making the graſſe his greene locks go to wracke,
Tearing each ornament from off his backe;
So did ſhe ſpoyle the garments ſhe did weare,
Tearing whole ounces of her golden hayre:

She thus deluded of her longed bliſſe,
With much adoo at laſt ſhe vttred this:
Why wert thou bashfull, boy? Thou haſt no part
Shewes thee to be of ſuch a female heart.
His eye is gray, ſo is the mornings eye,
That bluſheth alwayes when the day is nye.
Then his gray eye's the cauſe: that cannot be:
The gray-ey'd morne is farre more bold then he.
For with a gentle dew from heauens bright towre,
It gets the mayden-head of eu'ry flowre.
I would to God, he were the roſiat morne,
And I a flowre from out the earth new borne!
His face was ſmooth; *Narciſſus* face was ſo,
And he was careleſſe of a ſad Nymphs woe.
Then that's the cauſe; and yet that cannot be:
Youthfull *Narciſſus* was more bold then he,
Becauſe he dide for loue, thought of his ſhade.
This boy nor loues himſelfe, nor yet a mayd.
Beſides, his glorious eye is wondrous bright;
So is the fierie and all-ſeeing light
Of *Phœbus*, who at eu'ry mornings birth
Bluſheth for ſhame vpon the ſullen earth.
Then that's the cauſe, and yet that cannot be:
The fierie Sunne is farre more bold then he,
He nightly kiſſeth *Thetis* in the ſea:
All know the ſtory of *Leucothoe*.
His checke is red; ſo is the fragrant Roſe,
Whoſe ruddie cheeke with ouer-bluſhing glowes:
Then that's the cauſe; and yet that cannot bee:
Eche bluſhing Roſe is farre more bold then he,

Whoſe

Whoſe boldneſſe may be plainely ſeene in this,
The ruddy Roſe is not aſham'd to kiſſe;
For alwayes when the day is new begun,
The ſpreading Roſe will kiſſe the morning Sun.
This ſayd, hid in the graſſe ſhe did eſpie him,
And ſtumbling with her will, ſhe fel down by him,
And with her wanton talke, becauſe he woo'd not,
Beg'd that, which he poore nouice vnderſtood not:
And, for ſhe could not get a greater bliſſe,
She did intreat at leaſt a ſiſters kiſſe;
But ſtill the more ſhe did the boy beſeech,
The more he powted at her wanton ſpeech.
At laſt the Nymph began to touch his skin,
Whiter then mountaine ſnow hath euer bin,
And did in pureneſſe that cleare ſpring ſurpaſſe,
Wherein *Actæon* ſaw th' Arcadian laſſe.
Thus did ſhe dally long, till at the laſt,
In her moyſt palme ſhe lockt his white hand faſt:
Then in her hand his wreſt ſhe 'gan to cloſe,
When through his pulſes ſtrait the warme bloud gloes,
Whoſe youthfull muſike fanning *Cupids* fire,
In her warme breſt kindled a freſh deſire.
Then did ſhe liſt her hand vnto his breſt,
A part as white and youthfull as the reſt,
Where, as his flowry breath ſtill comes and goes,
She felt his gentle heart pant through his clothes.
At laſt ſhe tooke her hand from off that part,
And ſayd, It panted like anothers heart.
Why ſhould it be more feeble, and leſſe bold?
Why ſhould the bloud about it be more cold?

Nay ſure, that yeelds, onely thy tongue denyes,
And the true fancy of thy heart belyes.
Then did ſhe lift her hand vnto his chin,
And prayſ'd the prety dimpling of his skin:
But ſtraight his chin ſhe 'gan to ouerſlip,
When ſhe beheld the redneſſe of his lip;
And ſayd, thy lips are ſoft, preſſe them to mine,
And thou ſhalt ſee they are as ſoft as thine.
Then would ſhe faine haue gone vnto his eye,
But ſtill his ruddy lip ſtanding ſo nie,
Drew her hand backe, therefore his eye ſhe miſt,
'Ginning to claſpe his neck, and would haue kiſt;
But then the boy did ſtruggle to be gone,
Vowing to leaue her and that place alone.
But then bright *Salmacis* began to feare,
And ſayd, Fayre ſtranger, I wil leaue thee here
Amid theſe pleaſant places all alone.
So turning back, ſhe fayned to be gone;
But from his ſight ſhe had no power to paſſe,
Therefore ſhe turn'd, and hid her in the graſſe,
When to the ground bending her ſnow-white knee,
The glad earth gaue new coates to euery tree.
He then ſuppoſing he was all alone,
(Like a young boy that is eſpy'd of none)
Runnes here, and there, then on the bankes doth looke,
Then on the criſtall current of the brooke,
Then with his foote he toucht the ſiluer ſtreames,
Whoſe drowzy waues made muſike in their dreames,
And, for he was not wholy in, did weepe,
Talking alowd and babbling in their ſleepe:

Whoſe

Whose pleasant coolenesse when the boy did feele,
He thrust his foote downe lower to the heele:
O'recome with whose sweet noyse, he did begin
To strip his soft clothes from his tender skin,
When strait the scorching Sunne wept teares of brine,
Because he durst not touch him with his shine,
For feare of spoyling that same Iu'ry skin,
Whose whitenesse he so much delighted in:
And then the Moone, mother of mortall ease,
Would fayne haue come from the *Antipodes*,
To haue beheld him naked as he stood,
Ready to leape into the siluer flood;
But might not: for the lawes of heauen deny,
To shew mens secrets to a womans eye:
And therefore was her sad and gloomy light
Confin'd vnto the secret-keeping night.
When beauteous *Salmacis* awhile had gaz'd
Vpon his naked corps, she stood amaz'd,
And both her sparkling eyes burnt in her face,
Like the bright Sunne reflected in a glasse:
Scarce can she stay from running to the boy,
Scarce can she now deferre her hoped ioy;
So fast her youthfull bloud playes in her vaynes,
That almost mad, she scarce her selfe contaynes.
When young *Hermaphroditus* as he stands,
Clapping his white side with his hollow hands,
Leapt liuely from the land, whereon he stood,
Into the mayne part of the cristall flood.
Like Iu'ry then his snowy body was,
Or a white Lilly in a cristall glasse.

Then roſe the water-Nymph from where ſhe lay,
As hauing wonne the glory of the day,
And her light garments caſt from off her skin,
Hee's mine, ſhe cry'd, and ſo leapt ſpritely in.
The flattering Iuy who did euer ſee
Inclaſpe the hugeſt trunke of enraged tree,
Let him behold the young boy as he ſtands,
Inclaſpt in wanton *Salmacis* hands,
Betwixt thoſe Iuy-armes ſhe lockt him faſt,
Striuing to get away, all at the laſt,
Fondling, ſhe ſayd, why ſtriu'ſt thou to be gone?
Why ſhouldſt thou ſo deſire to be alone?
Thy cheeke is neuer fayre, when none is by:
For what is red and white, but to the eye?
And for that cauſe the heauens are darke at night,
Becauſe all creatures cloſe their weary ſight,
For there's no mortall can ſo early riſe,
But ſtill the morning waytes vpon his eyes.
The early-riſing and ſoone-ſinging Larke
Can neuer chaunt her ſweete notes in the darke,
For ſleepe ſhe ne're ſo little or ſo long,
Yet ſtill the morning will attend her ſong.
All creatures that beneath bright *Cinthia* be,
Haue appetite vnto ſociety,
The ouerflowing waues would haue a bound
Within the confines of the ſpacious ground,
And all their ſhady currents would be plaſte
In hollow of the ſolitary vaſte,
But that they lothe to let their ſoft ſtreames ſing,
Where none can heare their gentle murmuring.

Yet

Yet ſtill the boy regardleſſe what ſhe ſayd,
Struggled apace to ouerſwimme the mayd.
Which when the Nymph perceiu'd, ſhe 'gan to ſay,
Struggle thou mayſt, but neuer get away.
So graunt, iuſt gods, that neuer day may ſee
The ſeparation twixt this boy and mee.
The gods did heare her pray'r and feele her woe;
And in one body they began to grow.
She felt his youthfull bloud in euery vaine;
And he felt hers warme his cold breſt againe,
And euer ſince was womans loue ſo bleſt,
That it will draw bloud from the ſtrongeſt breſt.
Nor man nor mayd now could they be eſteem'd:
Neither, and either, might they well be deem'd,
When the young boy *Hermaphroditus* ſayd,
VVith the ſet voyce of neither man nor mayd,
Swift *Mercury*, thou author of my life,
And thou my mother *Vulcans* louely wife,
Let your poore offſprings lateſt breath be bleſt,
In but obtayning this his laſt requeſt,
Grant that who e're heated by *Phoebus* beames,
Shall come to coole him in theſe ſiluer ſtreames,
May neuermore a manly ſhape retaine,
But halfe a virgine may returne againe.
His parents harken'ned to his laſt requeſt,
And with that great power they the fountaine bleſt.
And ſince that time who in that fountaine ſwimmes,
A mayden ſmoothneſſe ſeyzeth halfe his limmes.

FINIS.

Yet still the boy regardlesse what she sayd,
Struggled apace to ouerswimme the mayd.
Which when the Nymph perceiu'd she gan to say,
Struggle thou mayst, but neuer get away.
So graunt iust gods, that neuer day may see
The seperation twixt this boy and mee.
The gods did heare her pray'r and feele her woes;
And in one body they began to grow.
She felt his youthfull bloud in euery vaine;
And he felt hers warme his cold brest againe.
And euer since was womens loue so blest,
That it will draw bloud from the strongest brest.
Nor man nor mayd now could they be esteem'd:
Neither, and either, might they well be deem'd,
When the young boy *Hermaphroditus* sayd,
With the set voyce of neither man nor mayd,
Swift *Mercury*, thou author of my life,
And thou my mother *Vulcans* louely wife,
Let your poore offsprings latest breath be blest,
In but obtayning this his last request,
Grant that whoe're heated by *Phœbus* beames,
Shall come to coole him in these siluer streames,
May neuermore a manly shape retaine,
But halfe a virgine may returne againe.
His parents hark'ned to his last request,
And with that great power they the fountaine blest.
And since that time who in that fountaine swimmes,
A mayden smoothnesse seyzeth halfe his limmes.

FINIS.